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# INNIS HERALD

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THE  
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**MASTHEAD**

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**PRÉCIS**

**NOTES**

The Innis Herald is usually published during the third full week of each month during the Fall and Winter terms. Meeting dates and deadlines may be found on our website. We hope to hear from you in the new year.

*All submissions are welcome.*



## The Nutty Professor 2: Facing the Fear

### What It Is and How to Protect Yourself

**IF** there's one thing I love more than life itself, it's Jerry Lewis, the atomic-age comedian and telethon fundraiser whose aggressively wacky antics have made him the most legendary Branson-level entertainer this side of Tony Orlando. Imagine my delight, then, when I discovered that Jerry recently lent his voice to a new direct-to-video children's movie, *The Nutty Professor 2: Facing the Fear*, now available on DVD from the Weinstein Company. *TNP2:FTF* is, of course, the sequel to Jerry's classic *The Nutty Professor* (1963), in which he stoned as geeky science professor Julius Kelp, who used a miracle potion to turn into smooth talking, jazz-singin', Dean Martin-lookalike Buddy Love. A variation on the Jekyll and Hyde story, *The Nutty Professor* was undoubtedly Lewis' best self-directed film in a directorial career that otherwise ranged from okay (*The Errand Boy*) to bad (*Three On a Couch*) to awful (*Hardly Working*).

Ever since his drug and hubris-induced downfall in the 1970s, Jerry has spoken frequently about his dream of making a sequel to his finest film, but for years has had to settle with just an executive producer credit on the 1996 remake. Now, thanks to director Paul Taylor and the animation company that brought you *Barbie* in *The Nutcracker*, Jerry's dream has finally become a dreary, compromised reality.

Jerry returns as the voice of Professor Julius Kelp, but at age 82 he often sounds like a man having a stroke in a recording booth. (I will admit, however, to feeling a tinge of nostalgia whenever he brought out his Buddy Love voice.) The real star is Drake Bell as the voice of Julius' grandson, Harold

Kelp, a geeky high school science student who is actually a fairly bland character and not particularly « nutty » at all. Harold attends a super-futuristic high school, filled with intelligent robots, lavish virtual reality simulators, and other completely unattainable marvels of technology. The fact that one of his best friends is a giant frog-man, and the fact that Julius Kelp has evidently not aged in 40 years leads me to believe that after the events of the first film, Julius must have discovered a hole in the space-time continuum and started his own civilization. Incidentally, the sexual implications of a half-man, half-frog are wisely sidestepped.


Harold falls in love with Polly, a popular girl whose proportions are a little too appealing for a cartoon character. Instead of doing the sensible thing when pursuing an unattainable girl, Harold decides to follow in his grandfather's footsteps by drinking a potion that will turn him into a smooth, handsome teenager named « Jack ». Jack's idea of « smoothness », I'm afraid, involves getting his hair into a faux-hawk and wearing homoerotic red leather outfits like the ones Eddie Murphy used in his stand-up days, but he still manages to turn some heads.

Everyone quickly turns on Jack for being an arrogant, red leather-wearing asshole, but Harold is too insecure to ditch the Jack persona. Meanwhile, Polly inexplicably begins to fall in love with Harold because he has the confidence to be himself. I suppose kids are going to see this movie and assume that the world really works this way, and that popular, big-breasted girls will throw themselves at you just because you're nice. Kids,

I'm here to tell you that that's not the case. Good-looking girls will throw themselves at you only if you have the right friends and/or a car; this film is pure fantasy.

The final scene sees Harold, Julius, and their chemical-induced alter egos fighting a giant monster that has spawned from Harold's fears. (Since the first film, Julius has made peace with his evil persona, Buddy Love, and switches back and forth between personas in the climactic scene like he's Batman.) After defeating the monster, Polly gives Harold a big kiss and says that she's proud of him for conquering his fears. If I knew someone who had so much pent-up neurosis that it could take the form of a fire-breathing monster, I'd leave the room and keep walking.

Overall, *The TNP2:FTF* is not the worst movie ever made. In fact, it's not even the worst Jerry Lewis movie ever made (see—or don't, for that matter—*Hardly Working*). Still, I was disappointed that it didn't look into the more realistic repercussions of its lead character's loneliness, self-loathing, and paranoid schizophrenia. Where were the scenes of Harold crying into his pillow and burying his sorrows in Internet pornography? Why was Harold never seen drinking himself into a stupor? Couldn't the filmmakers have been honest enough to include at least one attempted suicide?

Luckily, I've recently sold my own Jerry Lewis-related screenplay. Look for Vincent Gallo in *Son of Cinderella*, coming summer 2010. 

**WILL  
SLOAN**

## Eleven Noteworthy Albums from 2008

Maryanne Amacher – Sound Characters  
2 [Tzadik]

Only her second release in nine years, *Sound Characters 2* features « *TEO!* A Four Part Sonic Sculpture », which was initially conceived for forty-eight loud speakers placed around the Esplanade of the Palacio de Bellas Artes in Mexico City. As with anything Amacher, consideration must be paid to what is lost in the shift from her work filling a public space to squeaking out of a private sound system, but with the volume up and the room empty it's hard to not feel the physical affects of « *TEO!* ». The shock of the first part's dizzying mixture of digital lethargy and clanging provides the introduction. Pulling back with the sparse

**Maryanne Amacher**  
SOUND CHARACTERS 2, composed, written

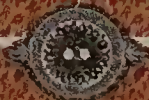
squeals and chirps of the second part, the subtle qualities of these sounds actually create a logical transition to the room-filling, interwoven pair of high pitched electronic tones that carry through part three. The integration of these hum and buzz techniques in the overture of the final section underscores the new presence of rhythm, a quality that will, in juxtaposition to the preceding three sections, define the final and longest track. An overtly digital aesthetic is employed here to immersive ends, quivering and mutating in a manner that almost serendipitously harmonizes with itself for brief moments time and again. This effect is strengthened as two distinct channels are used, dynamizing the space of the room's acoustics depending on the position of

speakers as the two vibrating waves intertwine in continually shifting ways. Perhaps not as revelatory as the physical experience that netted the Prix Ars Electronica for « *Digital Music* », but a remarkable listening experience nonetheless.

**THE  
BUG**

The Bug – London Zoo [Ninja Tune]

I'm not sure of the origin of the comment, but I recently saw copies of *London Zoo* accompanied by a glowing blurb that began by describing the Bug as being wholly different than fellow dubstep





artist Burial. Whether or not this was for the benefit of the readership, this description spoke volumes about the common perception of dubstep, which is here flawed by the impossibility of taking any two dubstep artists in order to determine the genre's diameter. By 2008 it has become unavoidably obvious that dubstep is only becoming increasingly difficult to define. The reason for this lies in the genre's inception as the progeny of somewhat disparate genres. The blurb is humorous then, as for all the ways *London Zoo* is different from Burial's style, it is similar to the Bug's previous release, 2003's *Pressure*, which predates Burial by about two years. In fact, as a single artist, the Bug may be the most emblematic of the genre itself, acting as a nodal point where many styles meet. This is most evident when you approach the album not as dubstep, but as dancehall. Because the vocals are so firmly entrenched in this genre, the relative range of accompanying styles is insistent throughout. The first twenty seconds of « *Murder We* » speaks to this perspective, as it clearly announces its dancehall properties before the Bug, an architect of bass, constructs a low-end foundation to rival anyone else in dubstep. His ability to support and diverge from the excellent group of vocal collaborators enlisted for this project is at the core of this incredibly enjoyable release, where the vocal performances, lyrics and the labyrinthine music intersect in varying ways that give the album a figurative depth to match its literal one. No track seems out of place, but each is a singular force unto itself – partially driven by the presence of several singles predating the album's release. This results in an album that, at a song-by-song basis, is at once the most interesting and fun release from last year.

### John Butcher Butcher Resonant Spaces

John Butcher – Resonant Spaces [Confront]

Recorded in June of 2006, *Resonant Spaces* is the documentation of John Butcher's solo saxophone performances in collaboration with six Scottish sites. They collaborate in the sense that the Resonant Spaces event, organized by the Arika group, sought locations that included « *extreme acoustic properties* » that the artists could draw upon. Butcher is no stranger to the process, as he engaged with Japan's Oya Stone Museum on *Cavern with Nightlife* and then again for *Geometry of Sentiment*. Utilizing acoustic and amplified saxophones, Butcher interacts with his own feedback in a manner similar to how he has in these past performances, though this album also features the sound of wind passing unaccompanied through the instrument's mouthpiece. Alongside the percussive echo of Butcher's flutters and walls, the sites generate ambient repetitions – both minimal and considerably pronounced – that when given ample time to unfurl, construct a tension capable of conveying the nuances of Butcher's style and the weight of each unique space at once. The relative activeness of both facets in *Resonant Spaces* may make it the most accessible point of entry for this technique of Butcher's and results in a beautiful album.

### GANG GANG DANCE SAINT DYMPHNA

Gang Gang Dance – Saint Dymphna [Warp]

While there is merit to the argument that it engages popular song forms more directly, the party line that *Saint Dymphna* is a stark move to pop music from previous Gang Gang Dance releases misidentifies what the band has done in the past and therefore what they've done with this record. While not a stronger record than *God's Money*, which first demonstrated the increased presence of pop melodies that is often being attributed to its follow-up, *Saint Dymphna* is undermined by these evaluations because it performs the more difficult task of successfully maintaining this delicate balance while expanding the parameters. The band's propensity for constructing threads that weave through an album regardless of track distinctions anchors the wider scope found here, giving an overarching logic that at its strongest makes sense of the seemingly abrupt grime turn of « *Princes* » that follows the equally bewildering *My Bloody Valentines* of « *Vacuum* ». Moreover, this lends a logic to the pastiche that never falls into the ideologically irresponsible interpolations of middlebrow huckster M.I.A., for whom sampling is merely part and parcel of her consistent and absurd posturing. Instead, the excursions here are possible because this is an album that convinces you messiness and pop music are not mutually exclusive by engaging in unexpected structural, tonal and stylistic shifts that seem to perpetually invigorate the work without necessarily undercutting the value or sincerity of what precedes them. As this occurs without being cloyingly (collectively) affected, this work easily stands as the most remarkable pop effort of the year.

cover's subtitle (and its overall Robert Ashley homage) conveys, these are « *musical settings for common environments and domestic situations* », incorporating the sounds of the artists and their environment alongside the more demarcated « *music* » that creates a tantalizing awareness of the interaction of performance and space. The work compels the listener to consider the source of each sound and even to, at times, distinguish the different parts that form a complex matrix. Conceptions of recording and performance are frequently interrogated as some of the « *domestic situations* », such as limbs moving and spoons stirring, are heard alongside rhythms , raising questions as to their spatial presence and provenance – are they samples or occurring in the performance? This forces a more abstract visualization of the overly simplistic two dimensional nature of layers, as there are tracks of sound interrelating, as well as the interaction of performer and instrument. What this description may belie, however, is how successfully the album affects the listener emotionally. The variation of tension experienced over the course of the album, from ambiguous and foreboding to warm and contemplative, without any specific moment relying on clear association or lacking multivalence is one of the many pleasures of the album. Simply put, this is the best album released in 2008.

b-boim records 017

### radu malfatti

Radu Malfatti – Düsseldorf Vielfaches [b-boim]

The work coming out of Radu Malfatti's b-boim series, while one not always as successful as the next, is consistently interesting and all the better for its variations. Out of a number of releases from the imprint this past year, Malfatti or otherwise, it was a difficult process to choose just one. Performed by an ensemble of fifteen musicians (2 clarinets, 3 violins, 2 violoncellos, 2 flutes, 2 guitars, viola, trombone, vibraphone and pianostrung with credit card), *Düsseldorf Vielfaches* is immediately noteworthy for exhibiting none of the silence that has become so common in Malfatti's work from this decade. That's not to say this release lacks tension in any way, though. A series of dense swells, the variation of instruments in relation to one another in their individual passes creates a complex configuration of sounds that, intriguingly, features a strong lower register presence that makes the experience especially rich within Malfatti's body of work. The use of incidental, concrete sound characteristic of Malfatti does remain and its starkly different rhythm and timbre, when set next to the more methodical instrumental swells, unsettles the listener's expectations throughout the near forty minutes, consistently reinvigorating the piece. It is a beautiful and frightening performance that never feels rote or succumbs to novelty despite its form, and is a testament to Malfatti's position as one of the most interesting artists at work today.

### T II E Breadwinner

Graham Jason  
Lambkin Lescalleet

Graham Lambkin & Jason Lescalleet – The Breadwinner [Erstwhile]

Graham Lambkin's *Salmon Run*, released last year, is one of the best recordings of recent times. Drawing upon classical music in the public domain, Lambkin investigated the relationship between recorded music and performance as he took very enjoyable music, though not written or recorded by himself, and repositioned it with his own, very clear presence as a person: laughing, moving, etc. This presents a logical point of overlap with Jason Lescalleet, who has performed with reel-to-reel tape in a manner that necessarily explores the past through the source material and the sounds contributed by the similarly aging technology through which it is heard. In both cases, the act and the actor mediate the material through its integration into the pastiche of the contemporary moment. Collaborating on *The Breadwinner*, these elements culminate in an artistic zenith: a literal assembly of sounds that are orchestrated in presenting the most sublime and immediately affecting music. As the

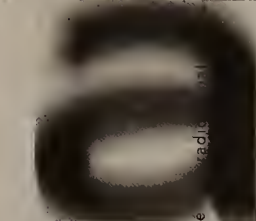




MOVE D & BENJAMIN BRUNN - SONGS FROM THE BEEHIVE

# Move D & Benjamin Brunn - Songs from the Beehive [Smallville]

The most prominent feature of *Songs from the Beehive*, and the one that best compels returning to it, is its weightlessness. This is not a DJ set-oriented release: each track functions in and of itself, so its the conceptual centre created by this consistent atmospheric approach, more similar to the structuring of a rock album, that gives this release its unity. It also creates a stage on which the pair can push and pull convention and expectation. Like Move D's prolific, breadth-oriented career, there are a number of styles undertaken here, at once aligning with contemporary minimal techno techniques while also trading in sounds typically associated with more active techno. The beats come both hard and incredibly soft, but, taking a step back, this distinction like many of the stylistic observations is based on a relativity that exists entirely within the melange of the album. In actuality, nothing is overly hard, which provokes the realization that it could have been much more minimal given the current critical state within dance music. Instead there is a liminal quality, the weightlessness that harmonizes the most disparate of sounds and influences. What results is an album that rewards close scrutiny. The cyclical use of samples, through repetition and variation, build and interact with one another in ways that are never overly obvious even - especially - at its catchiest moments. Moreover, the punchline in the conclusion of the single "Honey" becomes doubly interesting in its juxtaposition with the following track, illustrating how as seemingly self-contained as the tracks may be, there is a greater, album-based experience. Its this degree of precision and album-length focus that keeps the release from ever falling into excess, while making it the most rewarding dance LP (really only approached by Shed's *Shedding the Past*) of the year.



Eliane Radigue - Naldjorlak I [Shüün]

Emblematic of Radigue's work as of late, this is an entirely acoustic piece and features the brilliant Charles Curtis on cello. Written in 2005, *Naldjorlak I* is not surprising for its focus on drones, but Curtis's phenomenal playing gives each of the hour long work's sections considerable character within their individual repetitions. The rich sustained pitch of each section is apparently achieved through tuning the instrument to the frequency of its resonating cavity, creating buzzes and squeaks that emphatically foreground Curtis's chosen playing technique for each. The segmented structure also results in an interesting narrative as the listener charts the changes in drones and which culminates in the contrast of the

final section's high pitch with the rest of the piece's relatively sombre tones. Following a passage of understated rumblings this moment is revelatory as it both transcends all that has come before and also retroactively imbues the listener's memory of the more subtle shifts in sound during those preceding fifty-four minutes. A completely compelling work that will only become more interesting with the remaining two pieces.

## 24 POSTCARDS IN FULL COLOUR

MAX RICHTER

### Max Richter - 24 Postcards in Full Colour [Fatcat]

Max Richter's popularity seems to grow with each release, which is no surprise if you have read any of the plethora of descriptions of his work, all of which seem to hinge on his ability to act as a bridge between classical and (avant-)pop music. This assessment unintentionally emphasizes an interesting point: however antiquated or chained to class perceptions classical music may be, historically it - like jazz - is a popular genre, and to describe Richter as a bridge from classical to, say, Brian Eno is to ignore the already implicit connection. Ironically enough, it's this understanding of classical music that informs the project *24 Postcards in Full Colour*, where Richter has composed twenty-four short pieces to be used as ringtones. As the title indicates, Richter is drawing a comparison between the ringtone and the postcard, as both are concise expressions made with an exhibitionist awareness of their relationship with the public sphere. A self-consciousness here is, ultimately, why Richter is successful, as the flip side of Richter's reception as a bridge between popular and classical is the critical wariness of a classical artist so immediately accessible and, thereby, potentially superficial. By operating in the ringtone medium, one so denigrated from its inception, the actual depth of Richter's music is emphasized through the juxtaposition of connotations, while also recognizing the harsh truth that many sophisticated classical pieces now exist to many as metonymic melodies. Richter's aching, nostalgic approach plays upon this capsulized reception of the genre and the propensity to necessary locate classical music in the past. Not only do these pieces provide a welcomed alternative to « *Hello Moto* », but they provoke contemplation of the common, modern reception of classical music, which as a popular, public music that is also richly, personally evocative is conveyed wonderfully here in the form, the compositions and the accompanying photographs.



### Seymour Wright - Seymour Wright of Derby [Self-Release]

Initially distributed in a run of 100 CDs, Rs intended to be given out for free, this solo release from English saxophonist Seymour Wright is now archived for download on his website. Previously performing on several Matchless releases (founded by AMM member Eddie Prevost), this solo improvisation for alto sees the performer in

top form as his solo playing is more compelling than the final product of several of his collaborations. Each performance, recorded over a period of three years, is named in a punning style reminiscent of jazz albums of yore, while the subtitle for each specifically acknowledges artists from which the performance follows (to what degree is in some instances more ambiguous than others). It seems too convenient to use this as a representation of the album's sound - a combination of tradition and innovation - but that is often the case. Wright is adept, as many of the best improv performers, in creating a palpable space, employing a number of devices - especially the physical space of the sax as an object - that in the minimalism and peculiarity they evoke both imbue and provide emphatic counterpoint to the sound of the sax, traditionally identified or otherwise. This results in an extremely exciting performance, with a narrative and character distinctly its own.



ZOMBY

### Zomby - Where Were U in '92 [Werkdises]

One property of dubstep that descends from its inherent hybridity - and fairly obvious to anyone who actually listens to the music and doesn't just throw the term around - is its rather loose definition. There is certainly a thread that connects any performer associated with the term, but taking any two at random and hoping they line up neatly would be a difficult task. When Zomby released « *Mu5b w/ a Splitz Dub* (Rustie Remix) » on Kode9's inimitable Hyperdub label last year, he immediately became one of the most talked about act in the genre. However, lying beneath the surface on the record was a greater affinity to dubstep's electronic heritage. It is this interest that is brought to the fore on *Where Were U in '92*. Made only with equipment contemporary to the title's dare, this throwback to hardcore/breakbeat seems to be the antithesis of the defining statements that audiences of the purported forward-looking genres seem to require. This isn't merely a compilation or revival attempt, though; tracks from the period are indelibly painted with the Zomby brush and speak just as much to his own material as evoking the past here. For example, however much the set lauds the past, it immediately conveys the intervening history: the sampling of Daft Punk most emphatically, but taken for the sum of their parts, the generic bass, the dub delay and - obviously not one for subtlety - the recurring *Blade Runner* sample chart a path towards dubstep, reminding the listener that if they are enjoying any nostalgia for '92, this is unavoidably a looking back process. And if the title's question seems to come with a snarky slap to the tourists dubstep has attracted, the album itself lends these listeners the other hand. ☹

CHRIS  
HERON



## The Baader Meinhof Complex and The Puzzle That Is History

### CONTEMPORARY

German cinema's pillaging of a national historical treasure chest continues in Uli Edel's *The Baader Meinhof Complex*, which was released in Germany last September and is yet to be released in North America. The film is based on the non-fiction book by Stefan Aust and portrays the emergence of and the attacks perpetrated by the Baader-Meinhof group during the 1970s.

Some historical background (or, essentially, the plot) might be useful for contextualizing this film. The Baader-Meinhof group, which was also known as Red Army Faction, was formed by rebellious outlaw Andreas Baader and journalist-intellectual Ulrike Meinhof in order to execute terrorist acts as part of a perceived global socialist effort. They assassinated and kidnapped political figures and bombed buildings of significance, including U.S. military bases, in Germany. The Baader-Meinhof group's ideological motivation was not unlike that of the FLQ, whose operations in Canada preceded those of this German gang. The key members of the Baader-Meinhof group were eventually captured, but committed

suicide during imprisonment. However, during their trial, additional cells of the group emerged.

The cast and crew of *The Baader Meinhof Complex* are not unknown. The film was written and produced by Bernd Eichinger, whose credits include a score of Hollywood and German films, such as *Downfall* (2004). In fact, Bruno Ganz, who had played the role of Adolf Hitler in *Downfall*, appears in this film as Horst Herold, head of Germany's Federal Criminal Police Office. A number of other performers from *Downfall*, such as Alexandra Maria Lara, are cast in *The Baader Meinhof Complex* as well. Martina Gedeck, seen before in *The Lives of Others* (2006), stars as Meinhof and Moritz Bleibtreu, the star of *Run Lola Run* (1998) and *The Experiment* (2001), plays the role of Baader.

The film's style is executed in a manner that has an almost documentary aura to it, including attempts to recreate historical footage. Moreover, actual footage itself is sometimes inserted between or during scenes, usually comprised of less relevant or too extensive historical details. Although some popular (protest) songs of

the 1960s and 1970s are included on the soundtrack, the film generally resorts to an original thriller-oriented score. Most of the performances in the film are adequate, but some of the terrorist group's members are overdone in their portrayal.

*The Baader Meinhof Complex* thoroughly presents the group's history and, like many recent German films of its nature, attempts to explain the phenomenon psychologically. The film is an engaging two-and-a-half-hour picture that arrives hand-in-hand with the staples of modern-day entertainment: brutal violence, heavy profanity, relentless nudity, and great tunes. It walks a fine line between the historical complexity it aims to represent and the entertainment value it strives to deliver. It is also worth noting that *The Baader Meinhof Complex*, at the time of this writing, was rightly nominated by the Hollywood Foreign Press Association (Golden Globes) for Best Foreign Language Film and was among the finalists in the Academy Awards' category of Best Foreign Language Film. However, it did not win either award. ■

## The Right Film at the Right Time: Ron Howard's *Frost/Nixon*

**POLITICAL** and economic malaise is grasping America. An unpopular and controversial president has left office. This description is as applicable to the mid-to-late 1970s as it is to the present day. It is in this context that Ron Howard's *Frost/Nixon*, adapted by Peter Morgan from his play of the same name, is the right film at the right time. *Frost/Nixon* follows the story surrounding British talk show host (and part-time playboy) David Frost's television interviews with former President Richard Nixon. On the whole, the film is executed well with brilliant performances and it deserves the critical praise that it has recently received, even if that acclaim is largely predictable given the combination of the film's themes and its Academy Award-winning director.

It would seem almost banal to produce a film based on a play that is inspired by a series of important, though largely forgotten, television interviews. Yet Morgan's careful and engaging play-to-film adaptation and the vitality of the film's acting facilitate a meditative, entertaining, and beautifully crafted motion picture. Michael Sheen offers a witty and charismatic, yet also sensitive and complicated, David Frost.

Frank Langella portrays Richard Nixon as an intelligent, cunning, occasionally amusing, and considerably dense political leader. Frost and Nixon are often compared and contrasted as characters throughout the film, most notably during Nixon's « forgotten » phone call to Frost in the middle of the night.

Matthew Macfadyen's role as Frost's friend and producer John Birt, Kevin Bacon's performance as Nixon's loyal aide Jack Brennan, and Oliver Platt's appearance as investigative reporter Bob Zelnick are all noteworthy. Rebecca Hall is also quite apt as Frost's charming female « companion » Caroline Cushing. Sam Rockwell plays another investigative reporter and author, James Reston, Jr., but his performance is a bit too quirky. Nevertheless, the effective chemistry of these performers is indisputable. One should note, however, that Sheen and Langella were imported from the on-stage production of the play and, thus, Howard cannot be entirely credited for the casting. In addition, the film includes « backstage » direct-to-camera explanations from particular characters (except for Frost and Nixon) that are useful but, at times, somewhat distracting. Finally, Hans Zim-

mer puts the icing on this cake of a film with his magnificent musical score, which precisely sets the mood at the appropriate moments in the film.

*Frost/Nixon* is a thoughtful film that calls us to contemplate not only American history and our current political era, but also the wider implications of power and achievement in the modern world. By using the television interviews and their justified purpose as its framework, *Frost/Nixon* avoids making any overt historical statements or pompous ideological claims. After all, Nixon was a power-hungry politician and a problematical president, but his actual wrongdoing, in legal terms, was no more atrocious than that committed by Bill Clinton in the late 1990s. In this sense, *Frost/Nixon* contrasts markedly from Oliver Stone's sluggish, self-righteous, and blatantly fictionalized 1995 film *Nixon*. Whereas *Nixon* was largely (and predictably) leftist, Howard's film is relatively centrist in its message and motivation. *Frost/Nixon* is, overall, a powerful political drama that delivers on both an intellectual and an emotional level. ■

TOM NOWAK



## Visual Affect in Chris Ware's *Jimmy Corrigan, the Smartest Kid on Earth*: Part IV

AN interesting observation of the gutter in the suicidal-jump scene that happens to emphasize the visual affectiveness of it is the idea—in relation to the absent, implied interim images—that the interactive participants are actually stripped of their privileged objective perspectives and subsequently demoted to an experience shared by the citizens. This happens because the interactive participants—not unlike the citizens—do not witness the fall, merely the end result of Super-Man having jumped to his death. Granted the interactive participants are more informed than the citizens because of the Given; however, the fact that there is some semblance of a shared experience between the interactive participants and the citizens underscores the shocking nature of this scene.

Building on this initial discussion of the gutter, it is worthwhile to turn to some specific notions about it—vis-à-vis McCloud and Groensteen's ideas—in order to explore the visual affect of the suicidal-jump scene. Moreover, I will also discuss a related satellite panel in *JC* that both impacts and assists with an analysis of the gutter in this scene. On the one hand, then, in relation to the «limbo» of the gutter, McCloud notes that even though «nothing is seen between the two panels, [...] experience tells you something must be there!» (67). McCloud provides an example of what Groensteen, drawing upon Benoit Peeters, refers to as a «ghost panel» (113)—or a «virtual image» (114)—by drawing an image that exists between two panels: a mother playing *fort-da*—i.e. peek-a-boo. Following McCloud's line of thought, the ghost panel or virtual image would involve witnessing Super-Man actually falling, being subjected to the detrimental effects of gravity. The process, then, of the «human imagination tak[ing] two separate images and transform[ing] them into a single idea» (McCloud 66) affects the interactive participants because they are compelled to imagine and visualize the shocking act of suicide. On the other hand, then, in contrast with McCloud's notion of the gutter, Groensteen sternly states that «an intermediate state between the two panels does not exist» (113, emphasis added). Instead Groensteen argues that, «[t]he 'gutter' between the two panels is [...] not the seat of a virtual image; it is the site of a semantic articulation, a logical conversion, that of a series of utterables (the panels) in a statement that is unique and coherent (the story)» (114). In relation to this idea I would like to point out that it appears as though the «semantic articulation» and/or «logical conversion» is essentially a glorified way of describing closure, which connects to Groensteen's emphasis on an «intelligible totality» (114). Aside from the fact that McCloud and Groensteen's ideas have some similarities, Groensteen still strongly

rejects the existence of a ghost panel or virtual image; however, he does offer an insight that pertains to the «gutter» when he states that the «silence [between] panels often speaks volumes» (113). This insight applies to the suicidal-jump scene because the interactive participants do not witness the actual suicide; therefore, the presentation of an instantaneous death results in a cold, heartless, blunt set of panels that are quite shocking. It is also vital to mention—in relation to McCloud and Groensteen's ideas about the gutter—that I am not necessarily taking one side or the other; rather, I am trying to emphasize that either approach demonstrates how the suicidal-jump scene can affect the interactive participants.

It is now time to consider the implications of the satellite panel that is tucked away in the first couple of pages in *JC* (see Fig. 6). Basically, this panel amounts to the actual existence of a ghost panel or virtual image in relation to the suicidal-jump scene. The consequences of this «utterable» are relatively minimal; however, its existence is applicable and insightful for my discussion of the gutter. Firstly, it is important to mention that it is highly unlikely that the interactive participants will either understand the significance of this panel when they first see it (i.e. there is no context), or recognize it because it is greatly truncated, or even recall it when they arrive at the suicidal-jump scene. Secondly, aside from these perceptual-recognition issues, the very existence of this panel indexes Ware's conscious decision to exclude it, which also points to his awareness of the potential visual affectiveness of the suicidal-jump scene and the comics medium in general. By means of a hypothetical (or paradigmatic) analysis, then, the placement of this satellite panel within the suicidal-jump scene would change the overall visual affect of it. It is not necessary to enumerate the plethora of different consequences this panel-injection would produce; rather, this hypothetical exercise simply provides a frame of reference for understanding the shocking nature of the suicidal-jump scene proper—i.e. by introducing the satellite panel into this scene, the visual affectiveness of it would be lessened because there would no longer be a stark juxtaposition between life and death.

After having discussed visual affectiveness and the suicidal-jump scene *ad nauseum*—specifically the Given-New structure, the colour scheme, and the panel-to-panel transition (and the latter's sub-components)—it is now time to turn to the four remaining sequence of events and/or details of the Super-Man scene because not only do they provide a context for what is one of the more visually affective moments in *JC*, they increase the image-emotion experience overall by means of the signifi-

cantly shocking, salient features and techniques used by Ware.

The immediate aftermath detail involves a specific feature of the suicidal-jump scene: there is no blood or guts spilling out of the corpse lying on the ground, which interestingly contrasts with other more realistic, violent panels in *JC* (see Fig. 7). The visual affect of the immediate aftermath detail can be characterized as grotesque and fantastically absurd in relation to Ware's technique of playing with modality. As Kress and van Leeuwen note, the high modality is associated with that which is «'naturalistic'»; it follows that «[a]s detail, sharpness, colour, etc. are reduced or amplified, as the perspective flattens or deepens, so modality decreases» (159). Super-Man, then, exemplifies a lower modality due to his reduced, simplified characteristics; moreover, this lower modality is further watered-down in relation to the measurement of naturalism: «the dominant criterion for what is real and what is not is based on the appearance of things, on how much correspondence there is between what we can normally see of an object, in a concrete and specific setting, and what we can see of it in a visual representation» (158–59, emphasis added). This watering down, this gap in correspondence, entails the lack of life-fluids that would normally be present in such a scenario. Ironically, it is the absence of blood and guts that constitutes the visual affect and grotesque nature of this scene: one would think that the interactive participants would be visually affected by extreme graphic images, which is not necessarily untrue; however, Ware's presentation of a real<sup>1</sup> situation in a very unreal manner—i.e. defamiliarization in the context of modality—has an equal, if not more powerful, degree of visual affect. As well, one might be inclined to interpret the absence of blood and guts as indicative of Super-Man's inhumanity; however, regardless of the implausibility of this interpretation, the immediate aftermath detail still demonstrates a visually affective scene because it presents an image of a superhero that lost his will to live. ■

Figures and citations may be found on [www.innisenald.com](http://www.innisenald.com).

<sup>1</sup> By «real» I am intimating that the suicidal action itself has a high modality because it is closer to what would really happen when someone jumps off of a building, relative to other outcomes (e.g. the anti-gravity abilities of superheroes).

MICHAEL  
SLOANE



# Maureen It Balloon

*Hiding in the road  
Like a Pasolini toad  
Gonna give up all my load  
And go oooh yeah*

« Chariot Choogie », T. Rex

## - YL-NY!

Zat·yl·ny that honkatonk sunavabitch barrelled out of there without his whiskers intact wearing nothing but a Collins glass of iced water between his legs on account of the swelling and boy-a-boy, was Maureen not a mite pleased that, nope, not when *lete majestè* is in effect, noggin-nut busters lined until sundown, what's a boy to do, how a girl if she was inclined to could take that kind of behaviour the wrong sort of way, but boy howdy, that allegator in the room really took the cake, took a real bite out of things, but that's wily Gyk Zatylny for you, curru de jue-ponz and nodding, lickspitting Christmas tiger right-trolled in one, when it suits him, « *sure Maureen, that sounds fine, that sounds swell what do you call it irru-what that's...but why do we need the allegator?* » holly rockefeller, man, that's too much, that's radioactive obscenity, they call it the Maureen It Balloon, I'll get to that, gimme a gimme a minute! Who do you think is telling the, - calling the shots here - Gyk-man, halfway cross Runnymede Village before that defenestrated reptile is choked out the bedroom and into the street while some sort of Ukrainian street-festival is in full swing, bet you Gyk wishes he could say the same but hey that's life, you win some and you lose some (times more than you bargained for), take it in stride, on the lip, rollin' with those five fingered missiles, knocking five, six, seven bells out...

Baby you know who you are? - don't you know who you are? Jacob Kreymborg told me, told me true, how the blue-bloods boiled thick as mayonnaise, way past the curdling point ill assorting with the precepts Mama Procopè and her azoospermic husband Papa Itaniana had set down all those decades ago with their haggard copy of Liber Urbani in hand, clasped tight even on their deathbed, arranged cheek by jowl lined head to toe you shoulda seen 'em, entangled and mired in the cobwebs of - not unlike their children - and just as only the heavier insects can escape the threads of constriction, so too do the haves and magnates and international playboys fatted by the weight of their arrogance sink through Fortune's clutches only to find themselves into another fine dandy of a, - making lush diabolic arrangements, throwing weight like they was old sandwiches, turning hemispheres, bowling over heads who'd

listen, eyes that'd glisten, the blandishing, calumniating sort, silver-tonguing chisellers you wouldn't be caught dead in bed in, in fact you'd be forgiven for strangling your own mother you couldn't spare the indignation finding she'd been in cahoots with those mealy-mouthed toads the whole time, on account of that 'il miss Itaniana is descended from some Ruritanian duchy or maybe its that she's just plain stinkin' flush and doesn't want the world to know, - say didn't they make a movie about that once with Claudette Colbert boy it's funny how great minds huh?

So we going Dutch here or what? Japhy had the Beef on Weck and there's no way we're divvying that sucker up six ways from Sunday you order that they call you the Mortafella behind your back you know that right? Eating the amount of meat you do is like like doing the haka on your guts man, total splitsville! If you took your shit to a deli, they could serve it next to the Zangenwurst!

No one ever pegs Martin Friedberger as a subtle man of reasoning, no sir, never no never even gave me no chance, but in my own crudeness they many may have said, often potentially have remarked that behind it lay bare that heart of a jilted lover O he finds it incredibly « *tempting now* » do you Japhy? » to comment on his turbulent relationship with Maureen Itaniana and his understandably damning condemnation of Gyk Zatylny, which does not seem out of character if one remembers that the reaction against the other important women in his life who left him for saps with more seemingly refined qualities than he was disposed to possess was predictably similar » man-of-men does that stick in my craw. Aint that ducky aint that what you paid for, dollars and cents, dollars and cents. Piffaw! You gotta be plumb stupid to have that tommyrot shovelled in your mouth and have the nerve to ask for seconds, which is exactly the kind of guy and thing that Gyk is and is willing to do the wigged out block-head is so thick -

- he cadged his way sag-bellying through town that night for anyone who could lend him an item of clothing and somehow through the provident graces of his Gods ended up in a semi-reputable state of dress that he was able to get a drink at the Rosewood Tavern, until, like trusty Diogenes before him, he disrobed and urinated at the provocation of an inventively mordacious insult that drew in by means of a comparison the kinked tail of a bloated porker Well who should Gyk have struck but none any other than Maureen Itaniana's own superciliously inclined brother Prince-ly Count Henry Fossy Itaniana, drowning

the memory of his favourite but newly disinherited sister with a sweep and pull of a faltering arm in the service of good old fashioned fun now that the t-bird's been taken away BBAAAARRRRNNNNK-KKKK goes the Collins glass trundling down a path of slouched over heads cast adrift because Gyk kept the damn thing for sentimental reasons you should have seen him have a beer picking out the hairs from the rim explaining while taking a bite out of some poor drunkard's sandwich, a salami slice hanging out from under his nose into his mouth to the doll next to him how her French Connection wasn't as French as she now thought...

« *You ever hear of the Maureen It Balloon baby?* » he asks and she doesn't bat a lid, does flinch but continues sipping away like she was more interested in the ceiling patterns than the half-naked guy asking what she's sure was to be the name of some sort of alienating mannerism of his like he was already in the process of demonstrating with that nasal recitation of Polly Wolly Doodle, unconsciously and in-between saying, « *I say, you ever hear of the Maureen It Balloon? It's country-wide you see, made right here in the fine fine - « Gyk Zatylny you double-crossing, gundy-gutting idiot!* » - « *oh now we're in for a doozy it's the missus miss it and she don't care for my scintillating* » - « *the only thing that scintillates from your body - Baruch HaShem the anticipation is killing me killing me on the insides outside Maureen It Maureen It Balloon throw us a bone we'll bite you can count on it make!* »

Weecell since you asked so positively remunerations are in order so positively ducky you'll hear it got your hands squarely under your thighs, you've got to be ready or else it won't be the same, not like if you were sitting like little galactopoietic elves sleeping on the job « *BOHICA boys cause this aint for the faint of heart!* » just like that, you ready, sure?

Bête-bête essaie de faire malin right? Slake those anticipatory yearnings it'll pay off in the end you're with me you've been with me we'll - carapace, it's like a carapace that grows out of her back *kyphos* perpendicular from her prostrate body tummy first lying on the floor and it would occasionally fill up with this viscous water yeah it wasn't a mound of flesh really it was in actuality more like a like a more like a luminescent geodesic dome that would occasionally leak, fill up again, like a blister except it would never completely deflate I remember recall that I used to collect liquid in her sleep with a chamber pot and there were times when I forgot that it was full bleh! and running with this mystic elixir and I'd



boil it over a small rechaud and by golly if you wouldn't believe it I was gosh golly almost damn invulnerable I once stopped a daring daytime robbery with nothing but my fists and another time I was able to soar into the majestic skies « Look, there! In the sky! It's Buoyant Boy and his pharmacognostic eye opener! » and to think that kind of power is wasted on a pipsqueak like Zatylny burns my bunions into oblivion if you didn't guess it he's there right now making up with my sweet love in the Rosewood and to think I used to think him my best friend my very best pally-o'-mine but that's what you get when you been down so long it looks like up to me innerduced the damn fellow to her in the first place in eighty-nine boy what a mistake that was hey fellas where you going, we could get a coffee get a drink nice pick-me-up before oh you gotta be places huh? gotta be that early bird no no no no it's fine you go on, but don't you wanna know how it all ends? How I can't get up

no more no respect my character's been assassinated, it's been driven through the mud over and over and over when I was coming down of course it'd have to be that it'd have to be the sort of humiliation you can never recover from, cause the juice it doesn't run forever Gyk hiding on one end of the causeway when I was with Maureen at the zoo she always had an unhealthy fixation on alligators and reptiles and fitting that toadie Z comes out and comes clean with me, right then and there course good soft sweetie Maureen, she wouldn't condone such a thing she wanted to wait, wanted to ease me into it but Zatylny thinks it's best if they just come out with it –

– listen here Friedberger it's over it's done you had your go and now it's mine my turn you can't stop me and if I catch resistance well you can bet who do you think you are hoggin' all that power it's gotta be redistributed to the common man Pareto optimality it's the only way the only way

you'll learn plus I'll cut ya if you refuse and I'll cut ya deep...

Well I couldn't very say much to that and maybe Maureen was testing me in her own subtle way seeing how far I'd go for her but like a simp I just bit my lip, bowed my head and off she went walking into the sunset as Gyk starts gnawing and fidgeting at the moist soaked back of her blouse the bodhisatva blouse in broad day public you might as well announce it to the whole damn world: « *nothing is enough for the man to whom enough is too little* » and crime is my number up or what? ■

JEAN MARC  
AH-SEN











# INNIS HERALD

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PRÉCIS

NOTES

The Innis Herald is usually published during the third full week of each month during the Fall and Winter terms. Meeting dates and deadlines may be found on our website. We hope to hear from you in the new year.

All submissions are welcome.



As the end of another year of publishing the *Innis Herald* approaches, questions invariably shift to whether there is any value in student newspapers. The short answer is probably « no ». Perhaps, however, this quandary may be better resolved in two subsequent pages. We have provided a cut up scan of a piece of creative writing from our archives with which you can organize into whatever narrative you find the most intriguing. Did the piece have any value in the first place? Does it now? Do readers engage in newspapers at any active level in the first place? The short answer lies, no doubt, in « Mole »:

Shit, I thought, I can't wait till September. This piece is already filed with grins. I want this place to be thoroughly haunted before I leave. Maybe I'll go to Cairo Or Big Tuna, Texas. What the hell am I going to do?

Fuck, it's four a.m., or eleven a.m. Cairo time. I walked back to Yonge and Wellesley, said hi in the concierge in the lobby and ascended thirty floors to the top of the building. The 24th floor has a balcony that they lock after eleven, but the roof is open twenty four hours a day, due to the absence of a lock on the door.

I started thinking about my ex-girlfriend again. Ah, shit. I hate when I do this. I sat there and got depressed for a few moments until I noticed a cockroach on my table. I crushed the disca-ridden insect with my clenched fist, feeling a satisfying crunch and crackle under my hand as the little vermin brecciated its last.

"This is such a civilized, I thought. Nothing is open now except coffee shops and pizza joints. Since I usually sleep all day before my night shift, I end up wide awake on my night shift. What I needed at this point was a second hand book shop, the kind with literature, Harlequins and back issues of Life in the front of the store and hard core pornography at the back.

Why not light another cigarette? Indeed, I did, and finished my coffee.

Coffee. I needed coffee. I walked to 1001 Bay and entered the doughnut store. I ordered a large black coffee to stay. I sat by the Coffee Time neon sign and lit a cigarette. A pizza boy from The Big Shit walked into 1001's lobby. Steve used to live there in suite 2313. He's on one year sabbatical from U of T this year. No more drinking till dawn listening to Leonard Cohen and skipping tutorials. Too bad.

I'm surprised that he wasn't knocked off by some mafia goon after Godfather 3. You better believe that those nice Catholic cardinals have mafia cumas that could do a clean hit for them. That film appeared quite a few old wounds in the upper echelons of the inner sanctum of Vatican City. Hey, why not bump off a Pope if you don't like him? It worked in the Middle Ages didn't it?

I stayed here for an hour or so taking in the city lights and thinking about trivial things, like how Vespa on the road and how many frags it takes to screw in a light bulb (I don't know either). The sky was becoming slightly blue on the horizon. I took the elevator to my room on the seventeenth floor. I snuck into my room, removed my brown leather jacket and walked over to my stereo. I put on Van Halts' new album, pulled the blinds open and stared east towards Coxwell, Montreal and the Nile.

"Yeah, full page colour photos of foot diseases and corns. Letters to the editor describing open heart surgery in lurid detail. Editors' ads about new venereal diseases and two page spreads of advanced herpes. He'd be on his knees for days, cranking away in his filthy, scum-crusted apartment. There must be a good, perverted consumer base for such publications, know - what I mean?"

"They're built like a fuckin' Ruffin Bull!" he exclaimed, a wide smile of comprehension blooming on his skinny, zit-infested face. "That's right! Yeah! Put her there!" I said, and we were buddies for life until the bus arrived. He asked me for face, but I didn't have enough so I left him there. I gave him another cigarette, got on the bus and headed north.

"The cashier replied in a knowledgeable voice, 'You'll have to go to the States to find that one.' Well, I found that funny. I can understand someone looking for a house (many are collector's items because of the antiques and interior views, not just the cement), but Beaver magazine? Why not collect old issues of Hootie or Cliff magazine from '68? How about Blue Boy zine from '68? Or The Transvestite car Wilder? Or The Transvestite Times from 1885? Does no one collect stamps any more?

"Definitely. I mean, you can find specialized porn mags for every creogenous zone on the female body. Why not get really kinky? How about Elbow Monthly or Armpit Magazine?" "Yeah, or let's not be species-specific and publish something where I can't find an audience out there. One could make a fortune peddling The Hippo Spinnaker Times or some such rag. The editorials would be priceless, I tell you, priceless!" And so on.

"D'ya ever carry a weapon?" asked the driver, a hint of bloodlust in his eyes. "No, not anymore. I could never shoot anyone, not even Char-He Mason. This cop I knew shot a bank robber. After he filed his report he went down to a subway station and walked down the tracks till the train came."





## Intermezzo

« WHY if I don't have half a mind to... »

« Don't you don't you dare finish that sentence miss Virahallaloo, or I'll be forced to alert with immediate dispatch that swarthy Headmistress you're so fond of, along with her distinguished brood of clapping Cock Lane phantoms presently haunting the hycum floorboards ».

« Listen to me closely you ass-suckling idiot: if you can't tell the difference between one's not apparently having read 'On the Art of Discreetly Farting in Company' closely enough and the muted whimpers of revenant children, then may God have obliging mercy on your soul. The Domina enters the great hall during her repasts to relieve herself ».

« Zounds! You speak falsely! »

« Do I? If one word I speak errantly stray from the path of truthfulness, one report a truant of the school of honesty be, may I be struck down by the Almighty's fist and ground into the dirt; may the mephitical flatus I deem to reside in the Domina's bowels find sanctuary in the cavities of my tapered intestines to be released only under the most inauspicious of occasions ».

« Do you suppose anyone else knows? »

« Of course they know. The entire world would know if they came within five feet of her screeching squibs. Now hand me that paper. Maxine says we can use her father's rotogravure press if we go over by two o'clock ».

« Why? They'll have taken attendance by then Mabel... »

« We're going to finally put that little shit Morrison in her place once and for all. Remember, the spirited man will have Traditions to sift: Personages to call upon; Panygricks to paste up at this door; Pasquinades at that. Well, should his spirit be game for a challenge, he'll find one steadfastly in me. Quick, how many 'n's in bannock? »

- Conversation between Mehitabel Virahallaloo and Edmunda Crelley, 11 Hallam St, Toronto Canada

« Hallo! Good to see ye Bulthaub! It's a positively fine day for it; it does mine eyes some glory to have you here, face to face ».

« Morning, Sir ».

« Yessiree, boy do we have a treat for you. Porky Pop? »

« No thank you, sir. Never touch the stuff ».

« Ah, that's a damned shame, a damned shame Bauby. Can I call you Bauby? »

« Sir ».

« Cub-reat Bauby. Just delish. Well, as I was saying, we've got top-o-the-line, USDA Prime, lip-smacking, nut-busting, knee-wobbling, stuff here. I think you'll be delightfully pleased with what we've put through the wringer for you ».

« That a fact? Bring it over, if you would ».

« Moooonny! Yeah, right on the gate-leg there is fine. Thanks Monty. Creat work as usual. What do you think? »

« Is it... is it supposed to be that colour? »

« Why yes, that's standard fare; don't get bogged down in the details there friend. Have a taste ».

« It's quite... stringy ».

« Well, let me assure you Baub, that this comes from the finest rainbows that this here city has to offer. Why, I wrested the very one from the dead hands of a once good friend of mine. He was lying in a gutter and was crowned with that divinely arch, taking all of twenty minutes to snag it. Monty pinched some canola and we deep-fried the sucker for you - just for you - but you know rainbows. Consistency ain't in their vocabulary ».

« Ugh. How much do I owe you? »

« Well, consider us even ».

« Okay, that sounds fair. But here's a little something nevertheless for your troubles though ».

« Oh that's mighty awfully generous of you. The Bulthaubs are quite known for their eleemosynary natures ».

« Listen. If anyone asks, I was never here ».

« 'Bauby? Bauby who? »

- Conversation between Cary Bulthaub and Liudmila Agpoon, Kingdom Of The Stoot

« Freddie Freddie Freddie, you ain't got nashin' to worry about! It'll straighten up in the end; it will! »

« I don't see how you can stand to be so damn irritatingly optimistic ».

« It's a curious accident of my up-bringing baby! Cmon now, lift those arms! Straddle those legs! We've got work to do! »

« Close that door behind ya will ya? »

« Hmm? Oh yeah, sure thing sure thing. But have you decided yet? We don't want to fall foul with Paviloda again. We have to remember he's got that Exereta Cannon of his now ».

« Don't worry none about Paviloda, Zeuse. The Mytrons have been dealing with the obduracy of that accursed family since my great aunt Andschana saw herself fit to feed Steamtrain Paviloda inerements of rat poison in his morning frumenty for nine years without his noticing ».

« You know, when I woke up this morning, I really didn't entertain the possibility of brainsick Piotr Paviloda chasing me with flaming mounds of his own shit ».

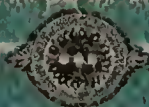
« I wouldn't worry about that. Djordje says he borrowed it this weekend to settle some old debts with a couple of plagiarists. You can bust out those fine linens and be wary no more ».

« Say, did you read the obits? There was a piece on ol' Streeter in it that mentioned you quite a bit ».

« Yeah, I've had the misfortune. Did you count all the split infinitives? »

« You and your split infinitives. I think the punctilios of grammatical sophistication are in able enough hands... »

« You can never be too sure ».





« You know that stringer did a piece on your old squeeze too? There was a small bit on Mary-Jo ».

« What? Where did you see that? »

« It was about a month before she went missing ».

« What did it say? »

« You remember that rafferty Ban-nock story that went out to everyone a few months back? Apparently that guy got his hands on one too. And looks like he did his re-search. He was able more or less to recite the Hypocritic Oath ».

« That ain't right. She's not well. What's the world coming to when even the crippled ain't even free from the captious eyes of the world? »

« She's only got MPD ».

« Yeah, but one of her personalities is convinced she's got a bum leg iatrogenically reduced to mouldering flesh, which for senti-mental reasons, she hangs on to ».

« Which one's 'Virahallaloo'? »

« The glutton who's convinced her farts can induce collective hallucinations ».

« Where'd she ever get such a far out idea from? »

« Who knows? There's often a re-cursive quality about where and how her per-sonalities take root. Mary-Jo makes a seem-ingly offhand remark and that begins to shape characteristics Virahallaloo will later adopt. The same with Muscle Tough Annie, Tova Zielinski, Holly Molly Maid and Swami Ma-harajapuram. Their dissociated stories often get entangled, wires cross... sometimes Mary-Jo's impractically bewildering altruism can turn up in the strangest of places ».

« Mmm hmmm ».

« Right, well back to point. This pussy's worth no small chunk o' change you say? »

« Yeah, half a mil easy. It's smash and grab. Apparently something monumental is going down or up, depending how you look at it. Some kind of trial ».

« And it'll just be Paviloda, the cat, Vank, and a few others? »

« Yeah ».

« Fine. Get the eggs ».

— Conversation between Frederick Mytton and Jacob Kreymborg, 220 Euclid Ave, Toronto, Canada

« Bonzour, qui manière? To week-end fine bien passé? Longtemps pas fine trouve toi ».

« Oui, pas mal mais li finne passe bien vite: samedi alle acheter manzer, nettoie nettoyer, guette in pe tv; dimanche prepare manzer, cuit in pe plus pou lundi et week-end fine terminer ».

« Qui pou faire, sa meme la vie. Re-mercier bon dieu nou encore ena ene baulot et capave vivre bien. Pona tracas l'argent meme si la santé pli important dans la vie. Et toi, qui manière to meme; to banne zenfants finne grand astère, moins tracas, non? »

« Aïo, pas causer, zenfants grand, tracas pli grand, tout le temps pe tracasier sur-tout quand zotte sorti à soir, pas dormi tant qui zotte pas finne rentre dans la case ».

« Sa menie responsabilité banne parents non. Li normal sa mais pas trop prend tracas ziska pas dormi, pe rentre dans l'age

astère, bizin prend compte la santé ».

« Sa l'hiver la mari dur dur, est-ce qui to bizin tire la neige, toi? Nou fine fatiguer are sa la neige la, tous les semaines ena ene ou deux tempêtes et pas cause sa fraîcheur la, ziska zordi après vingt ans, pas habituer encore, par-tout ena douleur, pas facile sa ».

« Comma to pe dire, pas capave at-tendre quand printemps et l'été pou arriver. Allez, salam mo pe sorti prochain station, prend bien soin de toi ».

« Ok, bien content nou finne zoine et cause causer. Telephone moi quand to gagne ene ti le temps nou capave blague blaguer. Salam ».

— Conversation between King Salamando and Eva Boodbo, Ossington Station Toronto, Canada

« Hey. Hey Magda. Hey. What do you get when you cross a frigid southpaw fornicatress who can't toe the line because she's eternally in the shadow of her demon-in-the-sack sister who gives amazing head when you pay her in crackerjacks, with a paraplegic mar-tian stranded at a supermarket thinking he's being drugged with rum raisin ice cream? »

« Shut the fuck up Harold ».

— Conversation between Harold and Magda Mamoulia, 29 Gilbey's Yard, Camden Town, London, England

JEAN MARC  
AH-SEN

I sat near the front, I couldn't help but overhear the driver speak in to an over-the-air security guard.

The last book I picked up in one of those Yonkers-Wellesley shops was *Fools Die* by Mario Puzo, a great novel. Gore Vidal is still King when it comes to current American writers, but Puzo is a close second, even if his prose style is not as satirized as Vidal's. Puzo lives a charmed life.

I checked up a tad, I sipped my coffee and stared out the window, grinning.

Then I wrote this. The sun is coming up, Roman Polanski is buying his morning papers downtown and someone is burning in the afternoon sun somewhere near the Sphinx. Goodnight, V.J.R.

(My friend Jimbro has just informed me that this article is one long, rambling jerk off that is of no interest to anyone but myself. Oh.)

I walked up Bay Street, entered Mr. Vidou and played with the Pic-A-Lic machine for a minute and left. I walked south on Bay and made a right. I walked past St. Mike's and thought of my first year when I lived at Elmley Hall. A good year, really. I sat down on the steps at Old Vic and lit another cigarette. Oh no, I thought, I'm thinking about my ex again. This sort of painful retrospection always happens after midnight. I pulled vehemently on my smoke and my eyes wandered around Vic, trying to focus on something distracting. I saw a squirrel run up a tree.

I tried to come to me a funny story about one of these shops. He was looking at the literature section near the cashier when some pneumatic geek went up to the desk and said, "Excuse me, I'm looking for a magazine and like can I find it up where..."

After the guy sat down he asked me for a cigarette so I gave him one. I was at the corner of Yonge and Queen on the steps at the CHCC waiting for the bus. It was three a.m., or ten a.m., I don't know. The guy pulled me on the shoulder and said God bless you.

"These Zipco lighters," I said, playing with mine, "are like Volkswagens aren't they?" "Huh? My brother's built like a..." "Yeah, but these Zipcos, you see, last forever. Do you comprehend that? You have to change the damn thing every day, but it'll last forever, know what I mean? Just like an old Volk, ya know? These lighters, I tell you..."

The driver seemed fascinated by this story. He began talking about his time as a subway driver and the goofy suicides he had witnessed. I pulled the "Stop Request" cord.

Commented as a postscript to this story that the fellow should get a subscription to some medical journals.

I sat and listened to him bubble for about ten minutes. He described, in pedantic detail, every sort of exercise his brother performed during his daily workouts. When he got to "exercising his love muscles," I decided to change the subject.

The roof is a well-kept secret. Nobody knows about it. The guy who fixed the blinds in my room (I pulled them off the ceiling in a drunken rage one morning) told me about it. The view is magnificent, the whole city is one huge electrical board from east to west. I sat on an air duct and looked south-west towards the lake. My eyes wandered north to U of T, which is partially hidden by Sutton Place. It looked so goddamn insignificant, a back hole in the middle of all those white and orange lights.

"My brother's built like a right 'bull," he said. "How so?" I asked. "He works out every day. My brother's built like a fuckin' right 'bull."





## Visual Affect in Chris Ware's *Jimmy Corrigan, the Smartest Kid on Earth*: Part V

**THE** shock scene involves Jimmy's response to witnessing Super-Man jump to his death; this shock is represented in four ways (see Fig. 3, 4): the slow, incremental, descent of Jimmy's previously waving hand that moves towards a contemplative, mouth-covering position, the stuttering and petering off « *B-But...* », the ringing phone that goes unanswered until the third ring (N.B. the disrupted, incongruent frame highlights the pervasive sound that is being ignored by Jimmy), and Jimmy's fixated gaze on the corpse. All of these representations of shock allude to Jimmy's belief system shattering—i.e. he is so taken aback by Super-Man's suicide due to the fact that his childhood beliefs of superheroes are being demystified in front of his very own eyes. Furthermore, these reactions are a breeding ground for pathos because the interactive participants can easily feel bad for Jimmy's sad, self-delusional, pathetic life.

The aftermath scene involves an interesting interplay between the features of time, detail, and dialogue that augments the already morbid, emotional nature of the Super-Man scene. This interplay involves noting both the inverse relationship between background detail and a sense of timelessness (i.e. as the amount of background detail declines, a sense of timelessness increases) and the nature of the dialogue and how it too evokes a sense of timelessness. It should be mentioned that this idea of timelessness that I will discuss is also connected to McCloud's suggestion that, « *[w]hen the content of a silent panel offers no clues as to its duration, it can also produce a sense of timelessness* » (102). In order to better understand these general comments it is important to turn to an analysis of the visual components of the aftermath scene. Firstly, by paying close attention to the citizens in the Super-Man scene, their discrete, moment-to-moment actions are noticeable. These incrementally represented movements produce a rigid sense of time that is experienced by the interactive participants. For instance, this phenomenon of experiencing discrete units of time involves the process of witnessing such details as the skateboard kid moving closer to the corpse, taking off his hat when he notices that it is starting to rain, and subsequently leaving to get out of the rain, and noticing the curious adult who does the same; however, he gawks at the corpse for a longer period of time (see Fig. 3). Moreover, this rigid sense of time is also accentuated due to the stasis of

the corpse relative to the dynamic, kinetic-oriented environment around it.

Prior to explaining how this temporal rigidity relates to timelessness, I want to briefly mention the citizens' reactions because they constitute the earlier noted misanthropy of the cityscape in relation to the colour scheme of the suicidal-jump scene. Basically, the fact that many of the bystanders do not even help out or check to see if Super-Man might still be alive demonstrates a certain degree of misanthropy, which is only further augmented by their egotistical manner—i.e. they are more concerned about avoiding the rain rather than helping out. This evidence of misanthropy, associated with the monochromatic cityscape, which has changed from a brown-tinge to a green-tinge, supports the visual affectiveness of the Super-Man scene. In lieu of this digression, it is now important to continue to expand upon the interplay between time, detail, and dialogue.

Timelessness, then, relative to what McCloud mentioned, is apparent in the panels where Jimmy is holding the phone to his head but not saying a word (see Fig. 3, 4). Furthermore, this timelessness is exemplified by the silent panels of Super-Man lying in the wet, dark street (see Fig. 4); these latter panels are more visually affective because the interactive participants experience a greater sense of timelessness because there is no touchstone (i.e. the citizens) to gauge how much time has elapsed; thus, the sense that a body has been lying in the street unattended for an indiscriminate, seemingly infinite amount of time is quite unsettling. Regardless of the eventual arrival of the ambulance, the timeless nature of the aforementioned panels is integral to the visual affect of the aftermath scene.

In response to the absence of time measuring devices, one might argue that the conversation between Jimmy and his mother provides a sense of relativity; however, I would argue that this dialogue actually conveys a sense of timelessness by means of the gaps in the conversation and the spatial placement of the dialogue. Firstly, the gaps in the conversation occur quite frequently as Jimmy's mother is consistently asking him, « *Are you there?* », « *Jimmy, are you there?* », which compels the interactive participants to question the length of the conversation and experience some sense of timelessness. Secondly, the spatial placement of the mother's dialogue creates a sense of timelessness because of its objec-

tive, narratorial status. I am appropriating this idea from an insight that Daniel Ræburn notes in relation to a different scene in JC (see Fig. 8), he states that « *[Ware] also prints most of Jimmy's utterance outside the panel, in the spot traditionally reserved in comics for narration [...] for a moment Jimmy himself is speaking with the timeless, omniscient authority of a narrator* » (71). Thus, both the gaps in the conversation and the spatial placement of the dialogue produce a sense of timelessness that interconnects and enhances the timelessness produced from the interplay between time and detail.

Although the follow-up detail is related to the Super-Man scene, it is not extremely important, nor is it sequentially located near the others; however, it is a good example of how the Super-Man theme resonates throughout JC. The significance of the follow-up detail—a panel showing a newspaper with headlines describing the suicide (see Fig. 5)—is twofold. Firstly, the headline of *The Daily Portent*—« *'Super-Man' Leaps To Death!* » *Mysteryman Without Identification Falls Six Stories In Colored Pantaloons; Mask* »—provides a point of verification within the narrative that attests to the reality of the suicidal-jump scene, which further highlights its potency.<sup>1</sup> Secondly, the sub-headline—« *Definitely Not The Television Actor, Authorities Say* »—is both a call-back to the prologue and a vital piece of information that serves as reassurance for Jimmy's previously shattered belief system—i.e. the fact that the suicidal Super-Man was not the T.V. Super-Man restores Jimmy's belief that his childhood idol is truly omnipotent. The follow-up detail, then, along with the other events and/or details, has helped to contextualize both the salience of the suicidal-jump scene and the visual affectiveness of the Super-Man scene overall. After having exhausted only several of a couple hundred scenes it is time to turn to other ones in order to further explore visual affect in JC. ■

Figures and citations may be found on [www.innisherad.com](http://www.innisherad.com).

MICHAEL  
SLOANE



## A Guide to Recognizing Your Saints and (Sex) Addicts

**LET** me be clear: this is about a Saint and an addict. Yes, I have come across two very unique and idiosyncratic characters from *Band of Brothers* and *Choke* seemingly representing the former two archetypes. However, before pushing forward, I'd like to genuflect and confess in relation to the following rather stark ambiguity: I am not exactly sure who's a Saint and who's an addict; at the end of the day, both characters are interchangeable.

First off, I thoroughly enjoyed *Lord of the Rings* more than the dedicated fanboys and girls who read the books. I've also noticed that the only people that seemed to like the last two *Harry Potter* films were those who hadn't read J. K. Rowling; the same goes for *Twilight*. Are these fans too invested, and thus easily disappointed, or are they merely taken aback by all the wonderful blanks (cut to take the story to screen)?

Stephen Ambrose and Chuck Palahniuk are definitely not my favourite authors and I probably wouldn't have ever heard of their names until their work was adapted; however, when I saw *Band of Brothers* and *Choke*, I was shocked by their portrayal of (anti-)heroes: a Saint and a Sex-addict—especially considering Palahniuk's dark narratological devices and Ambrose's historical brutality, texts that are both likely to upset both religious individuals and historians.

The truth is that you couldn't make *Band of Brothers* into a miniseries unless you did it with names such as Steven Spielberg or Tom Hanks alongside one of the most expensive television network budgets, which is exactly what happened. Made for \$125 million, and filmed over 10 months at various European town simulacra—*Saving Private Ryan* anyone? I must admit, however, it doesn't look like anything I could have possibly imagined. That being said, I loved every minute of the show and I feel compelled to focus specifically on episode six, « *Bastogne* ».

Shane Taylor is everything I imagined Eugene « Doc » Roe would and could be; he plays the role brilliantly, which is one of the many reasons why this particular episode works so well. Taylor, a new-comer of sorts, has been handed a major role and he nails the Southern American drawl; instead of deciding to play the role big, Taylor's portrayal of Doc Roe is restrained, authentic, and persuasive. By the end of the

episode, I've legitimately experienced an affinity for this character and I've finally witnessed what a war can do to someone.

Doc Roe bears a Saint-like quality throughout the entire episode. This is set up at the beginning when he accidentally pricks his finger before walking into an area that is littered with dead Americans. The relationship between the blood, the Cross armband, and the death has overt Christian overtones—Christ and atonement. Alongside this symbolism, Doc Roe actually—over the course of the episode—becomes a Christ figure by literally shedding the first blood: it is from the blood of Christ that death was conquered and we have been wiped clean of sin.

Not unlike Dante's *Inferno*, you have a sensitive, quiet, and attractive character placed amid Hell's fiery den. Doc Roe knows his position and duty from the very get-go; his overt pacifism is all-pervasive, omnipresent. All he can do is sit and wait until one of his men is injured. He has to live with them, be involved in their daily lives, and fix them when they are torn apart. His very ontology is centered upon waiting for his men to be wounded so he can save them from damnation. How horrible is that? Maybe that's why Doc Roe didn't want to get too emotionally attached to his men because of the implicit danger and anxiety associated with having to potentially mend them back together, or even worse, watch them die, these men back together; this explains why he addresses them by their surnames, alienates himself purposely by sitting alone outside of their group, and tries to distance himself as much as possible from human contact.

« *Bastogne* » hones in on the poetry of heroism and faith. When everyone is under fire, most of the soldiers digging back into their holes, armed and returning fire, Doc Roe is the one who has to listen to that distant sound of gunfire and explosions and subsequently respond to screams—« *Medic! Doc!* »—that are minutes, or even seconds, away from becoming a cacophony of death rattles. The Doc is the one scrambling across the field of fire and risking his life in diving from one trench to the next, working quickly to save lives, whisking the injured out of the battlefield, and turning out everything around him without a weapon or any sort of protection. Almost anybody in this situation would clamp down on his

heart in order to survive; however, Doc Roe does the very opposite: he runs towards danger, towards death. In an odd take on the concept of thanatos, we witness a truly altruistic spectacle: the Doc, on what could very well be described as an Armageddon-scape, does not crouch, but instead rushes from victim to victim completely upright without flinching, without hesitation.

Shane Taylor turns this medic character into a Christ-like saviour. While being brave and selfless, Taylor follows through on a slew of saint-worthy tasks: he heals wounds and removes all pain, he consoles complaints from everyone, he finds a pair of shoes to help a Lieutenant from his advancing frostbite and trench foot, and he even recites his own version of St. Francis' prayer to maintain his pose, his stoicism. He is a witness to the horrific war, seeking to be transformed. His belief is challenged as he is almost rendered numb by the constant litany of woes that he is subjected to in an endless hellish condition—i.e. men always suffering in his arms as he needs to always be on edge, alert, and calm in order to combat fatigue and exhaustion.

Just when we think Doc Roe is incapable of happiness and responsiveness, he strikes up an unlikely bond with a French nurse, Renée. There's no furtive kisses or intimacy between the two, but instead there exists a true, sincere, and real interpersonal connection, a fleeting sort of friendship formed by the shared burden they both carry: they share a commitment to help the wounded, but are both shocked and overwhelmed by how many are horribly wounded. They are drawn to each other through a common language—French—and the chocolate bar as a gift. Their bond grows stronger and maintains their respective levels of sanity during the hopeless, inhumane killings wherein they meet head on with Christmas.

Renée informs Roe that the ability she has to calm people with her hands is not a gift from God because « *God would not give such a painful gift* »; she is unaware of the mystical truth Doc Roe has picked up. Roe's spirituality is clear, as he understands his ability to take and give: taking on the suffering and giving back peace and happiness. Furthermore, not only does he cure the wounded, but he also restores peace, faith, and, most importantly, life to the soldiers. Doc Roe makes sacrifices left,





right, and centre and voluntarily subjects himself to achieve that which Renée is unable to do: bear soldier's pain on his shoulders, a borderline martyr.

On Christmas day Doc Roe at first takes comfort in a foxhole where he cannot respond to any screaming. It takes another soldier, Heffron, to drag him out of his mundane absent-minded, allegorically obvious moment, which subsequently emphasizes the emergence of the messiah, fulfilling his duty to save lives. He calls Heffron by his nickname in the end. It becomes clear then that in spite of the names he uses, and the distance he tries to keep, Doc Roe still has grown to love the men he serves through the thick and thin. What he uses to repair the last wound is heartbreaking, but also serves as a reminder that Doc Roe negotiates his own devastation and private loss secretly and carries on to serve others, no matter how hard, no matter how lonely and damaging simply because he transcends mortal categorization—he is a Saint.

There's also a Jesus Christ in *Choke*, despite the Christ-like figure, as a joke this time, is the total opposite of Eugene Roe. First, there's a whole lotta fucking going on in *Choke*. Clark Gregg's adaptation of Chuck Palahniuk's novel about a sex-addict named Victor Mancini with severe Mommy issues. Sam Rockwell delivers this anti-hero character convincingly with so many layers and so much energy that you can't help but feel that this character is hopeless.

Sure Victor doesn't lack human connection as he has no trouble finding sexual partners: he ditch his sexaholic meetings to screw one of his fellow addicts on a bathroom floor, has sex with a random woman in a cramped airplane bathroom, banged most of the medical staff at his mom's hospital, and even tries to make love in a chapel. In one scene, Victor even hooks up with a computer date whose elaborately detailed rape fantasy is a control freak's recipe for not really losing control while getting raped, and, to top it off, he witnesses someone who is even more messed up than he is.

Of course Victor puts everyone's needs last while trying to satisfy his own first. He sleeps with strangers, doesn't care about his job at an 18th-century theme park, treats his friend Denny like a loser, pulls a choking fit in restaurants just to gain sympathy, hits his saviour for a handout, and keeps his mother alive just so he can trace his origin. He is basically a selfish jerk whose atavistic male needs have to be constantly met throughout the film.

But Victor slowly recognizes himself as cloned from tissue taken from the foreskin of a holy relic. So the big reveal—Victor might be the son of the son of the Son of God, which means he is the progeny of Jesus Christ. Could it be possible that this sex addict who exploits everyone could also be a Saint?

Maybe.

Although Victor's physical urge can be satisfied, his emotional and inner needs, however, are essentially insatiable. He can't form proper romantic relationships with women because he is incapable of loving any woman other than his frail mother whom mistakes Victor for everyone but her son. No matter how many women he sleeps with, no matter how many «choking» stunts he pulled at the restaurant, he continually returns back to his mother because she is the only one he really cares about, and the only one he wants the most love and attention from, which breaks his heart when this becomes impossible.

Furthermore, Victor starts dealing with his abandonment issues when he forms a friendship with Paige, the angelic, too-good-to-be-true doctor who treats the worsening dementia of his mother and whom his penis repeatedly says «no» to, and when his friend Denny—whose sexual opportunities are much fewer—falls in love with Cherry Daiquiri, a stripper who changes her name to Beth for him. It is here that Victor is beginning to abandon his sophomoric bravado and becomes a definition of goodness and an object of worship.

Victor tolerates and gives closures, albeit false ones, to the elderly female patients in

the dreary mental hospital, sets up his colleague, Ursula with his boss, encourages Denny's stone project, and finally begins his four-step intervention. At one point, he asks Cherry Daiquiri, the stripper who knows the Bible better than him, about Jesus. She replies, «Jesus is about the idea of transformation». Hearing that, Victor realizes he has stopped concealing his pain under layers of defiance, sarcasm and feigned indifference, but he has opened up himself, making you see as well as feel the pain that lies beneath him. Victor embarks on his own personal saviour journey and overcomes his sexual demons to become a Saint.

Just like Eugene Roe, Victor Mancini is a Saint. And just like Victor, Doc Roe can also be an addict, although a less explicit one. Perhaps one of the damages is too great for Roe to repair, and he hides himself in the foxhole and seems unresponsive, or maybe «stoned». Is Roe taking a little consolation in morphine? Like an image in poetry, it is suggested but never stated; however, Roe does go around and look for morphine religiously. Would we begrudge him? Would we conclude that he's not a Saint because he has human flaws? And even if he is using it, he certainly isn't taking anything away from the men who need it; he always seems to come through for them.

Both works toy with disconnection and loneliness, human weakness and Christ-like symbols, and find each of their male protagonists transformed and are risen above humanity. Roe's spirituality is clear and his bond with Renée moves him towards his realization of his extraordinary ability, while Victor understands from Paige, a soul-mate figure, that he has to get in touch with his feelings in order to become a better man. Therefore, we can recognize an addict in a Saint, or a Saint in an addict. As Victor says at the end, «we're not evil sinners, or perfect knockoffs of Gods», but we can definitely decide one way or the other for ourselves—boundaries are challenged; this possibility makes us more complex, more ambiguous, not unlike life. ■

CARSON  
CHOW

